5

April
Wasted two hours at the Auteuil races for ten minutes of adulterated emotion. I haven't the hahit of such paltry pleasures. My demoralization came especially from having paced the public enclosure over and over without meeting a single person with whom I wanted to talk or go to bed.

6

April
In Heredia's big copy of Ronsard I discover the wonderful ode *"Centre Denise, Sorcidre."*[2]*

7Apr

Q
Read without much profit Sainte-Beuve's double article on Grimm.

Before he left for the south (he is taking a three-day motor trip with Pierre Espinas) I again had a talk with Gerard. I like the way he disarms me with a few words and makes me aware of all the affection that, despite everything, I still have for him.

I have already said that he is (to me especially) the consummate type of the flatterer. Let me explain myself: in his presence I am grateful to myself for all the emotions I feel. Yes, every time Gerard leaves the better role to me. If s a pity that the play is not more amusing.

8 April

Gheon came after me yesterday after dinner. I go with him on the boulevards and don't get back to Auteuil until two o'clock. This morning I get up slightly tired, but my mind clear, ready for work, and voluptuously active.

I finish Sainte-Beuve's poor article on Grimm, take a few notes on Barres, then go walking through the gate to the Bois, taking along Montaigne and Flaubert's letters to his niece. I am writing these lines seated on the first empty bench. It is beautiful weather. The air

as you breathe it is delicious.

For the last three days the sky has been clear. The air is still rather cooler than warm. I delight in every little thing assiduously.

Went to see Jacques Blanche yesterday. "What beautiful weather!" I couldn't keep from saying as I came in. But he immediately replied: **Oh! how can you say that? If s frightful weather. You call ^beautiful' the only weather I can't endure." Such remarks strike me as blasphemy. I should never go to see Blanche except when if s raining.

He wants everything, around him, to share his gloom.

Wonderful letter from Raymond Bonheur in reply to mine on the oc-

[28] "Against the Witch Denise."